

# We aren't worthy

Mighty buildings and shops  
Touching the blue sky  
Gardens with water springs  
Decorating nice flowers  
Merchants gather at streets  
To buy and sell their goods  
chatting and smiling faces  
with lots of new hopes  
Everything changed without  
a clue  
came a sign of rain  
sky was covered  
with dark fury clouds.  
Falling big rain drops  
like a cluster of stones  
within few hours  
covered the land with waves.

Flowing muddy water  
covering every nook and  
corner  
vanishing houses and  
buildings  
People on upstairs and roofs.  
High mountains fall down  
Destroying shelters and lives  
weeping faces without sense  
searching their loved ones.  
Oh! God Saman in Sri Pada  
Forgive us for wrong per-  
formance  
we are not worthy  
to ask your forgiveness.

- *Kumari Thennakoon*

# Season fondly awaited



It is neither the bright summer  
Nor the autumn of mellow fruitfulness,  
But many, ironically not all  
Are waiting impatiently  
To welcome the season  
Of sweet smell  
Recalling the mouth watering fleshy taste  
Not a fruit of heaven, one feels  
But a heaven of fruits.  
The tree stands robust  
The fruits of which, kings of the season,  
Are both rich and risky  
Even an elephant fears to tread under  
It is said.  
It is the fondly awaited season of  
D-O-O-R-I-Y-A-N

- *Kumari Weerasooriya*